THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SIMMONS DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS OF THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1561.

Choice Poetry.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

BY T. D. ROBINSON.

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near;
And the figure's cloak and the sheeted bed tick
Are the only sounds I hear
And every one of it is mimicks,
Sweet mockings of sadness dear.
For one little boy and my own git! when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's home—
What home to me that time!
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet me
She read me, and there she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall mist him when the flowers come
In harder days when he played,
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decayed.
I miss my boy here, and my empty chair,
And the hearth he used to ride;
And they will speak, with a silent power,
Of the little boy that died.

I shall see his little sister again
With her playmates about the door;
And I'll watch the children in their sports,
As I never did before;
And it is the gayest, I see a child
That's dimpled and laughing-eyed,
I'll look to see if it may not be
The little boy that died.

We shall all go home to our Father's home—
To the Father's home in the skies—
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
Our love no blighter;
We shall come on the banks of the River of
Peace,
And bathe us in its blissful tide;
And one of the joys of our Heaven shall be—
The little boy that died.

Original Novelet.

THE IRON HAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

Andrew Howland was one of those right mindedly who are known in others as wonderful. From the right way, his children were forced into the straight jacket of extreme propriety, and their natural inclinations, if they deviated from the right line in which they were required to walk, punishment was sure to follow.

A child loves his parent naturally. The latter may be harsh and unreasonable; still the child will look to him with fond affection, and will love him singles, like golden threads in a dark fabric, amid the fear and confusion with which he regards him. That it was with the children of Andrew Howland. Their mother was a gentle, retiring woman, with a heart full of the love of feelings. When the troubles fell upon her gold-hearted husband, she sought to make home a home where the raging laugh, the merry shout, and the wild exuberance of feeling ever bursting from the heart of childhood, were not to be rebuked; or, if repressed, with a hand that trembled and a look of disapproval. Her love grew up to womanhood amid all that was gentle, kind and loving. Transplanted, then, its tender roots from a sunny home to the cold, hard and formal home of her husband, she drooped in the uncongenial soil, drew into itself the heart-drinker, and withered and died. Andrew And yet, while drooping then, she tenderly loved her husband, and unconsciously brought to bear in herself many true impulses of Nature to which he gave the false name of Waltzmore. It was her gentle and loving nature that bowed them to have them crushed in the iron hand with which he was ever ready to grasp them.

Let it not be supposed that Andrew Howland was an evil-minded man. In the beginning we have intimated that this was not so. He purposed wrong to no one. Honest he was in all his dealings with the world; honest even to the decision of a penny. They who dealt with his character was coldness and intolerance. Towards wrong-doing and wrong-doers, he had no forbearance whatever; and he knew that straight from the right path, whether child or true, he needed rest, if he be person, the full measure of consequences. Unfortunately for those who came within the circle of his authority, his ideas of right and wrong were formed in the warped and narrow views, the result of a defective religious education. He, therefore, often called things wrong, from prejudice, that were not wrong in themselves; and sternly reacted upon others, and drove them away from him, when he should have led and guided them into the paths of virtue.

The case of Andrew Howland's children, while his was one of deep trial to the loving young creatures he had taken from her sunny home to a shelter in his house, was not one that would have inspire vigorous life new shoots of affection. And yet, he loved his wife; loved her wisely, as he thought, not weakly; not blindly. He saw her faults, and, true to his character, laid his hand heavily upon them. Alas! how much of good crushed in the right presence!

To Mr. Howland, life was indeed a stern reality. Duties and responsibilities were ever in his thoughts. Pleasure was but another name for sin; and a weakness of character on evil not to be tolerated.

Enough, for our present purpose, that he was a man of strong will, and that his will was beyond to be brief outline. As our story advances, it will appear in numerous examples of its exercise, and the diverse from from the day of his marriage we will introduce him to the reader.

"What shall I do with this boy?" said Mr. Howland, in his quick manner, yet in a perplexed voice, while he walked the floor at the room with a gentleman of his age. "I cannot say that punishing is not done to break him into obedience, he will be ruined."

"He needs all our forbearance," Mrs. Howland ventured to remark, "as well as our care and unfaltering."

"Forbearance! I have no forbearance towards anything. Father! I've have forborne until the child is beyond hope!"

"Not entirely," was meekly answered, as the husband's eyes dropped to the floor.

At this moment a servant, who had been sent for the child, came in with him. A few decisive words from his father, and the mother sent him little Andrew was very much frightened at the room where his wife was sitting. "I never saw or punished and suffered a child to cry like him. If he is not subdued now, not forced to obey, his ultimate destruction is inevitable."

"His fault was not a very great one," Mrs. Howland ventured to suggest.

"Do you call disobedience a little fault?" asked Mr. Howland, his brow contracting as he spoke.

"I did not mean that," quickly answered Mrs. Howland. "I mean his going in to see Emily Grafton. The children are very fond of each other."

"Do I have told him not to go in Room, haven't I?"

"Yes."

"Very well. That settles the matter. If he goes, he disobeys; and, if he disobeys me, he must be punished."

"But, Andrew—"

"It is useless to argue about this, with me, Esther. You know that in your presence he would indulge and rule the boy. But I know my duty better."

Mrs. Howland sighed deeply and remained silent. Some ten minutes afterwards, seeing her, and had never heard a word of evil spoken of her husband, she ventured to say, in a timid voice, that reputation for him, was the child's offence, and that punishment for him, was the child's offence in a wrong estimate of his character. The result of his own wrong conduct. Mr. Howland replied by the head of his father. Seeing that she was about to separate the little friends, and the word was half repeated of as soon as spoken, the mother gave way to her love to which he regarded the most implicit obedience. He thought not of the wrong in the punishment he might do his child; he thought only of suffering obedience—of breaking a stubborn will. Obedience is the first duty. It is the foundation thing—and he visited, with the severest displeasure, every particular difficulty. The consequences were, that his little ones, in their best at home, rarely saw in the face of their father a smile of affection. They trembled in his sight, in words of tenderness. Something in their confidence was ever displeasing to him, and he attempted his correction by the severest punishments.

"Where is Andrew?" asked Mr. Howland, on returning home one evening from his store, and not seeing the bright little face of his boy at home with his mother. This was on the occasion of his introduction to the reader.

"He is in the sitting room, I believe," replied Mrs. Howland.

"I saw him a little while ago playing on the steps with Emily Wintern," said the nurse, who had come recently into the family, and was not aware of the prohibition that existed in regard to the child she had mentioned.

"Why is Andrew not in the house?" demanded Mr. Howland, angrily. Then he added, in an excited voice, "go and bring him home instantly!"

The nurse left the room and soon returned with the child. In his face was a look of blended fear, anger and obstinacy.

"Why don't you answer your father, my boy?" said Mrs. Howland, in a voice that was tender and appealing. The tone touched the boy's heart, and he lifted his large dark eyes timidly to her face, and then to his father's, with a trembling countenance.

"Why don't you answer your father, my boy?" repeated Mr. Howland.

"To see Emily," returned Andrew.

"Haven't I forbidden you to go there?"

The child's eyes sunk again to the floor.

"Haven't I forbidden you to go there?" repeated Mr. Howland.

"Yes, sir."

But there was no answer.

"Do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Andrew! Andrew! why don't you answer your father?" came in distressed and tremulous tones from the mother.

Mr. Howland was about turning to chide sharply with her for that interference, when Andrew again raised his eyes and said—

"Yes, sir."

"Then why have you disobeyed me?"

The boy's eyes fell again, and he remained silent.

"I'll break you of this if I break your heart!" said Mr. Howland severely, and, as he spoke, he struck the child a blow with the back of his hand strong arm as he led him from the room. A groan issued from his mother's heart, and she covered her face and wept.

By the time Mr. Howland reached the chamber where he had ordered the child with Andrew the excitement of his anger had subsided; but, not to short purpose in regard to his child, that he was determined to punish. The obstinate severity of obedience in children he recognized in all his intercourse with them. It was the spirit in them in the future unless obedience were constrained at every cost. Happy both for them and himself when it knew that if he had been slow in his modes of securing obedience, and sometimes almost considering him 17+ children things almost impossible for them to perform. Without a low there is no sin. Careful, then, should every parent be to create a law for the very existence of which incurs its violation.

Mr. Howland said nought, by reason he was of punishment, other than chastisement, to enforce obedience in this particular case. Now he was resolved in the severest remedy. Andrew had exposed nothing further than to be shut up, alone, in the room, and to go, perhaps, supperless to bed, and he was resolved if he had been alone

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, [illegible]

[illegible] IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. [illegible]

[illegible]

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will [illegible] and get up large Clubs for the [illegible] Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.

NOW IS THE TIME.

We begin in this number Mr. Arthur's promised original novelet of THE IRON HAND, for which we paid him the sum of

$150,00.

Our motive, in mentioning the prices paid by us for this and other stories, is to prove to our readers that we do not hesitate to incur any reasonable expense to procure for them the best kind of original matter. The Iron Hand will be concluded in about five numbers.

New subscribers who may wish to begin their subscriptions with the first of the instructive and interesting Illustrated series of LECTURES ON [illegible], are informed that they can do so until our back numbers are exhausted. We shall complete this series in about ten numbers. The engravings alone attached to these Lectures, cost the author about

$300,00.

To say nothing of his travelling expenses, time, &c., &c.

After we have concluded Mr. Arthur's novelet, we shall begin one from Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Mob Cap," "Linda," &c., entitled,

THE BELLE OF THE SPRINGS.

And after the completion of Mrs. Lee Hentz's "Belle," we expect to be able to lay before our readers another of MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S SPLENDID ROMANCES—of which more anon.

CITY NUISANCES.

We have received the following communication relative to some comments of ours upon a late sanitary report in reference to the Gas Works and Coal Yards:

[illegible]

FOREIGN NEWS.

[illegible]

WATERING PLACES.

[illegible]

JUSTICE.

[illegible]

THE THREE CENT COINS.

[illegible]

IS IT A BUBBLE?

[illegible]

MESMERISM.

[illegible]

"A very remarkable case is that of a dumb boy, fourteen years of age, who had been palsied from his birth, and totally unable to walk. He had been in many Hospitals, and under many private medical gentlemen; and been refused admission into St. Bartholomew's Hospital, from the conviction of the medical officer that his case was hopeless. He was first Mesmerized on the 2nd of February, and an improvement was discernible after the first Mesmerization. After the 6th, he could positively walk across the room without assistance; and on March 27th, he walked from the infirmary into Tottenham Court Yard."

The speakers on the occasion were the Hon. Capt. Scarlett, Mr. Janson, and Surgeon Barker, of Exeter; the latter of whom stated that twelve hundred cases had been successfully treated in that city.

CALIFORNIA.

We give in our General News, a statement of the principal incidents of the late terrible fire in San Francisco. It appears that the "brick fire-proofs" were generally consumed. This will not be wondered at when we reflect, that even the iron fire-proofs, made in this and other cities for the preservation of valuable papers, bank notes, &c., are very apt to be consumed by a great fire. Why, the manufacturers of these articles can hardly make one that will stand fire, when they manufacture it expressly for a public trial of its salamander qualities.

We see it stated that in consequence of the nature of the soil, bricks cannot be made in California, and that they are all brought from the Eastern cities. But why not use the adobes, or sun-baked bricks of the Mexicans? Perhaps the soil is unsuitable for these also. If so, they could be brought from Mexico, if they would answer the purpose. If we are not mistaken, we seldom hear of a Mexican town, even in South California, being destroyed by fire.

Prices are coming down in California to something like the standard of the rest of the world, judging by the salaries of the State officers recently established by the Legislature. The Governor is to have $7,000, Secretary of State $3,500, Attorney-General $1,000, Judges of Supreme Court $7,000, District Judges from $3,000 to $5,000, members of the Legislature $10 per diem for the first 60 days, and $5 per diem for every day they may thereafter remain in session, and $8 for 20 miles travelled to and from the Capital, the per diem of members to cease during their absence from their seats while the Legislature is in session.

These prices are, as it will be perceived, high, as compared with the Atlantic States, but low, as compared with the rates which prevailed some year or two since in California.

THE STRATFORD SPIRITS.

Mr. Burr, in his lectures, according to the Cincinnati "Columbian," explains the rappings and other singular doings in the house of Mrs. Phelps at Stratford, as the work of his "gay young wife" and two children. He says:

The Rev. Mr. Phelps, although a highly respectable and worthy man, as such, suffers under a double, or rather a quadruple load of misfortunes. First, his faculties are so dimmed by age or decay, that he is nearly demented; and second, he is married to a gay young wife, who was exceedingly unwilling to relinquish the attractions of the city for the dull monotony of a retired country village, like Stratford. Her son and daughter shared their mother's aversion to rural life, and as it appears from the sequel, determined that it should not afford their reverend relative the ease, comfort, and quiet, he so much desired. Hence the knockings.

Upon what grounds Mr. Burr bases these charges against Mrs. Phelps and her children, [illegible]

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS.

[illegible]

NEW THEORY.

[illegible]

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

As we are to have a grand parade of the military in the day-time, and a great exhibition of fireworks in the evening, we expect lots of our country neighbors in town to see the fun, spend their money, and imbibe fresh draughts of patriotism. Queer way to honor our National Birthday, that,—parade about in soldiers' costume, let off rockets, and drink lager beer. If any man would celebrate his own birthday in that manner, it would be doubted that he had yet outgrown his boyhood; and, therefore, we presume to doubt that the American people—as a people—have yet reached the age of good sense and discretion. When they are spiritually of age, they will find some other way to celebrate their National Birthday, than by a raree-show.

JUST THINK OF IT.

A correspondent of the "Carpet Bag," who is "good at figures," has made a calculation that if a woman wears five pounds of skirts more than is necessary for health and comfort, during sixty years, "it will be the same as carrying 2,191,500 pounds, or 978 tons over the space of one mile. Now if this travel were confined to a circle of one mile, and the freight were deposited at each return and a new load received, the entire amount of freight removed during the sixty years would be 978 tons. If she were to travel a mile out and a mile back, she would remove 489 tons from each to the other end of the route."

It is awful to think of a refined and delicate lady making herself such a "beast of burden" as the above would indicate.

Clippings.

☞ Wm. Dixon, near Thornville, Perry Co., writes to the Ohio Cultivator that he has a hen which has hatched twelve chickens from nine eggs, and they are all alive and doing finely.

☞ At a recent Printer's celebration in Indianapolis, the following toast was given: "The Editors of Indiana—To them is due the credit of making great men out of small materials."

☞ Rev. Matthew Henry, in one of his celebrated Essays, says:—"We may certainly have (and we should do well to consider it) less inward disturbance, and more true ease and satisfaction, in forgiving twenty injuries than in avenging one."

☞ Women are the best subscribers in the world to newspapers, magazines, &c. We have been editor now going on eight years, and we have never yet lost a single dollar by female subscribers. They seem to make it a point of conscientious duty to pay the preacher and the printer—two classes of the community that suffer more by bad pay (and no pay at all) than all the rest put together. Whenever we have a woman's name on our book, we know it is just as good for two dollars and a half as a picayune is for a ginger cake.—*Exchange.*

☞ The Alta California says:—"We have it from very good authority that the Hawaiian Government have decided to apply to the Government of the United States for annexation, and that an officer of our national government is now in our city on his way to Washington, entrusted with the important mission."

☞ The glory of an age is often hidden from itself. Perhaps some word has been spoken in our day which we deigned not to hear, but which is to grow clearer and louder through all ages. Perhaps some silent thinker among us is at work in his closet, whose name is to fill the earth.—Perhaps there sleeps in his cradle some reformer, who is to move the church and the world, who is to open a new era in history, who is to fire the human soul with new hope and new daring.

☞ A FRENCH FARCE.—The Parisians are diverting themselves with a lively little farce, representing the adventures of a Frenchman in London, during the great Exhibition. The disagreeables of tough beef, heavy pudding, sombre skies, and stiff manners, throw them into convulsions of laughter, when suddenly the stage is darkened, (the scene being a few blank walls,) and music makes the heart sink with its plaintive wailing, while a few melancholy individuals in deep mourning steal about on tiptoe, slowly repeating, in solemn whisper, as the curtain falls, "*C'est Sunday!*" (It is Sunday!)

☞ I honor the passion for power and rule as little in the people as in a king. It is a vicious principle, exist where it may. If by democracy be meant the exercise of sovereignty by the people, under all those provisions and self-imposed restraints which tend most to secure equal laws, and the rights of each and all, then I shall be proud to bear its name. But the unfettered multitude is not dearer to me than the unfettered king.—*Channing.*

☞ Queen Victoria has just entered on the 33rd year of her age, and on the 20th inst. commenced the 15th year of her reign.

☞ Lieutenant Charles Hunter, of the Navy, has been dismissed from the service, for the alleged reason that he is in arrears as a disbursing officer of the squadron in which he served, in the Gulf of Mexico, during the Mexican War. The law renders dismissal imperative in such cases.—*Exchange.*

☞ A STRONG ANTI-IMPROVEMENT MAN.—The following *double entendre* was perpetrated at a public dinner, a few days since, at Queenstown, C. W.: "Dam your canals, blast your furnaces, sink your coalpits, down with your railroads, away with your electric telegraphs, and over with your suspension bridges."

☞ The census of Oregon has been taken, and the population amounted to 13,[illegible].

New Publications.

[illegible]

THE ENGLISH POOR.

[illegible]

LOVE IN DEATH.

[illegible]

A LOVE SCENE.

[illegible]

THE LEGEND.

[illegible]

GENTLE BREEDING.

[illegible]

SERIALS.

[illegible]

[illegible] of the Rendezvous," a picture of "Daniel in the Lion's Den," a small but beautiful engraving of Oberwesel on the Rhine, and a portrait of the woman-like face of Leigh Hunt.—The Scenes in the Life of the Saviour are continued, and the chief contributions are from Emma Duval, Marie J. E. Browne, Mary E. Hewitt, Edward Pollock, George F. Burleigh, H. W. Parker, Esq., and Clara Moreton, the winner of the first Prize Story, called "The Estranged Hearts, a Tale of Married Life."

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

The July number is embellished with a good engraving of "The Church Porch," a Colored Picture of a lady mounted on a white horse, a mezzotint of "The Little Family," and a design called "Love's Young Dream." The contributors are Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Smith, Edith Woodley, Caroline Chesebro', and others.

HISTORY OF CLEOPATRA, QUEEN OF EGYPT. By JACOB ABBOTT. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff St. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

Another of Abbott's excellent histories, not less clearly and comprehensively and entertainingly written than the rest of the series. The description of Egypt and of the manners and customs of its people in ancient times, is particularly interesting. The maps and engravings are calculated to be an important assistance to the young reader in forming correct ideas of the country and its history.

THE POULTRY BREEDER'S TEXT-BOOK. Comprising Full Information Respecting the Choicest Breeds of Poultry, and the Mode of Rearing Them. With Twenty-Five Illustrations. Philada. T. B. Peterson, 98 Chesnut St.

This little book contains as much information as could well be condensed into seventy-six pages. The engravings appear to give a correct idea of the various species. Price 12½ cents.

THE DAUGHTER OF NIGHT. A Story of the Present Time. By W. S. FULLOM. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This tale with a mysteriously sounding title is a reprint of an English work. In the present condition of the mining population of England, the author has found materials for a story of exciting interest and wrought out with considerable ability.

CALEB FIELD. A Tale of the Puritans. By the Author of "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland," "Merkland," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

A prettily written story, illustrating a period of history that must always be deeply interesting.

Miscellaneous.

THE INNOCENT YOUNG MAID.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLAUDIUS.

My mother, she tells me:
"Nature has given thee
Lips to speak with, my daughter, my own;
And so thou must use them for speaking alone."
But *why are they red*, then?
White lips would have answered for speaking as well.
And why has she said, then,
"*Only for speaking?*" Oh, who can tell
A poor little innocent girl like me,
For what, but to speak with, my mouth can be?

Sartain's Magazine.

AN EDITOR'S WEDDING.—Mr. Francis W. Rice, a native of Saco, for several years associate editor of the Boston Olive Branch, and recently one of the editors of the California Courier, was not long since married in Panama, to one of the ladies of that city. A correspondent of the New York Herald, thus describes the wedding, of which he was a witness. Mr. Rice was last week visiting his friends in Saco, with his tropical bride, and they are, we believe, about to make a tour through Europe.

"A week since one of the most elegant weddings took place which has ever been witnessed in Panama. The parties were Francis W. Rice, one of the editors of the California Courier, and Senorita Donna Josefa Dolores Arosemena.

"The Senorita Josefa is about nineteen years of age, *petite*, but extremely elegant and brilliant, and has broken the hearts of at least a dozen Panamanos. But somehow or other, editors are great favorites with the women, and it is folly for outsiders to expect to compete with them before the shrine of Venus.

"I was perfectly astonished to meet so many splendid women in Panama as graced these nuptials. Their dresses were of the most elegant description, and the charm of their manners was a perfect delight to me. The bride was dressed magnificently, but with the most perfect good taste. She wore in her dark hair a beautiful gold comb, apparently made of California specimens, covered by a long white veil, trailing almost to the ground, and surmounting the whole was a crown of white roses. One of my female acquaintances tells me, that her robe was composed of the fibres of the pine-apple, richly embroidered by hand, which cost the labor of two years, of the handiwork of Luzan, and was purchased for at least $600 or $800."

A GREAT GAME OF CHESS.—The Cincinnati Nonpareil says: "Mr. Lowenthall, the celebrated Hungarian chess player, left his home in this city, a few days since, for London. He goes to attend the grand chess tournament to take place in that city some time next month, and at which nearly all the great chess players in the world will attend. The game is to be played for a purse of £5,000, (about $25,000,) which has been made up for the occasion by a few English gentlemen. The plan is, for thirty-two of the best players to begin sixteen games simultaneously, and at the close of which the sixteen beaten players retire from the contest. Eight games will then be played, at the close of which there will yet yet remain eight players who have not been beaten. These play four more games, after which the four remaining players pair off, for two other games, and then the trial game is had between the two remaining players. The man who comes off victorious in the game, receives the purse, and is crowned the king player of the world. Mr. Lowenthall has gone to try for the crown and purse."

BRIDE-GOOMS.—It may be important to those who are getting ready to be married, to learn that Noah Webster declares the usual application of the word "Bridegroom," to be grossly incorrect. According to that lexicographer, the word denotes the man who takes the Bride's horse—while "Bride-*goom*" is the proper designation of the more fortunate individual who takes the Bride herself. It also follows, that the "Groom's-men" are to be shown to the stable, and the "Goom's-men" invited to the wedding.

We hope this will be attended to by American publishers, [illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Novelets, we shall publish shorter novelets, stories, &c., from the pens of other well-known writers. We have a series of articles now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

THE IRON HAND, by T. S. Arthur.

THE BREAK OF THE STORM, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Mob Cap," &c.

LECTURES ON INDIA, by Caleb Wright. Illustrated by elegant Engravings. The Author has travelled more than 40,000 miles for the express purpose of collecting information respecting the various races of people whose peculiar manners, habits, and superstitions, he describes.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

General News.

GREAT FIRE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

CONNECTICUT.—The Senate have chosen R. S. Baldwin, as U. S. Senator, by a vote of 12 to 9. The House have yet to vote.

☞ The Legislature of Massachusetts have exempted a homestead to the amount of $500 from seizure for debt and other purposes.

VIRGINIA.—The State Constitutional Convention have adopted the clause in favor of electing Judges by the people.

INDIANA.—Honorable E. W. M'Gaughey, who voted for the Fugitive Slave Law, has been nominated for re-election to Congress by the Whig Convention of his district (7th district of Ind.) by 80 majority.

His nomination was warmly opposed by some of the delegates, and those representing two of the counties of the district withdrew as soon as it was ascertained that his nomination was certain.

☞ Free negroes are no longer permitted to settle in the State of Iowa, a law to that effect having been passed by the Legislature, a few weeks since.

ABSURD RUMOR.—The story of the United States being about to unite with France and England in a joint protectorate over Central America and Hayti, is authoritatively denied, as we supposed it would be.

THE POPULATION AND REPRESENTATION OF THE UNITED STATES.—By the census returns published at Washington, the total population of the United States is 23,267,498. In 1840, 17,399,970, being an increase in ten years of 5,927,528. The Slave population in 1840 was 2,487,113. It is now 3,179,589, showing an increase of 692,476, or about 22 per cent. The Free Colored population of the United States, in 1840, was 386,293. It numbers now 419,172, showing an increase of only 32,880. Regarding the relative progress of the white and colored inhabitants since 1840, we find that in the free States the increase of population has been equivalent to 39 per cent., while that of the free citizens of the slave States is equal to but 30-3 per cent. In the South the increase of slaves has been in the proportion of 27-8 per cent. In all the States South of Virginia the free people of color have decreased in number; and, in all the States, the total increase in this class does not exceed the rate of 8 per cent.

The population of the United States has increased in the last sixty years as follows:—

1790, population	3,929,827.
1800, population	5,305,925.
1810, population	7,239,814.
1820, population	9,638,131.
1830, population	12,866,920.

[illegible]

CHAUCER AND THE EXHIBITION.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

POSTSCRIPT.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS.

[illegible]

Local News.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

DEATHS IN CALIFORNIA.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

[illegible]

L. A. GODEY,

113 Chesnut street, Philada.

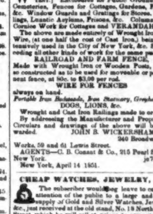
WHITNEY & CO.,

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

GREEN BAY, WIS.

[illegible]

I. O. O. F.



J. W. & E. D. STOKES,

[illegible]

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

[illegible]

TO DEALERS IN DRY GOODS.

The subscribers are largely engaged in the Importing and Jobbing of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS,

PANTALOON STUFFS OF ALL KINDS,

Overcoat Stuffs, Cloakings, Serges, Linings, Velvets, and every variety of

GOODS FOR MEN'S, YOUTH'S, AND CHILDREN'S WEAR.

TOGETHER WITH EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

TAILORS' AND CLOTHIERS' TRIMMINGS.

Our facilities at home, and extended correspondence in Europe, putting us in possession of the Novelties as they are produced by the Manufacturers; all which is offered at

THE LOWEST PRICES.

LOVE, SMITH & [illegible],

No. 167 Market Street, Phila.

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,

CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

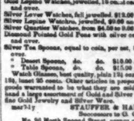
COATS,	$6 00 TO $20
VESTS,	2 00 " 4
PANTALOONS,	2 00 " 6

WE STUDY TO PLEASE.

EPILEPSIES, OR FITS.—This soul-destroying malady is not only very prevalent, but has one ever been considered incurable. We therefore make no apology for introducing into our columns the following extract from Dr. Jayne's Almanac for 1852, by which it will be seen that a majority of cases of this disease may be permanently cured. DR. JAYNE'S Store is 84 CHESNUT St., below Third.

EPILEPSY, AND CONVULSIONS OR FITS.

[illegible]



ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE TREASURED BANGLES.

I'm thinking long years have fled over,
Since I was a child at play,
Since I, with my little playmates,
Chased the butterflies all day.

We fished in the brook together,
We gathered flowers in the wood,
But nothing ever pleased us
Like the bangles we understood.

The tinkling brook of water,
Once dancing in the sun,
And those pretty shells we gathered
Are treasured by me one.

Those bits of pebbles shining over,
Or from the river bed,
Were the silver and gold we gathered
To the singing bird and wind,
But nature soon deserted us
When winter set her in!
For then your noble heart you proved
Was kind to all mankind.

And every year you proved your heartlet
The surest by my side,

How like a glorious rainbow then
The future all appeared!
No care or sorrow there to taste,
No disappointment feared,
The world's rude ways had not begun
To cast their shadows o'er us,
We never knew true happiness—
Had rather it sigh or weep.

But many weary years have passed,
Since that bright April eve,
And you have learned since then to weep,
And I have learned to grieve;
And on the knee, scattered about,
Time and his dark Cure,
Have cut their wrinkled out, and scarred
Their silver in the hair.

Nor Time, nor Care, nor world's rude waves,
Have had the power to chill
The holy love which then we vowed,
That is unclouded still;
And until Death, the reaper comes,
It never shall fail me
Our tale of love which first began
Upon that April day.

Selected Articles.

THE BRIDE SHIPPED TO ORDER.

BY LAURIE TODD.

I lived in Virginia during the winter of 1845. At an evening party in Richmond, and a most brilliant one it was, I was introduced to a handsome gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, but whose appearance I shall never forget. He was a tall, fine looking man, with a military air, and a most courteous manner. He was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and wore a profusion of jewelry, which, in those days, was considered the height of gentility. He was introduced to me as Colonel Brown, and I was informed that he was a wealthy planter, and resided in Mississippi. He was very attentive to me, and I was pleased with his attentions, for he was a man of the world, and had seen much of society, and was very entertaining. He was a widower, and had been for many years. He was very fond of his children, and spoke of them frequently during the evening. He had a son and daughter at school in Richmond, and was going to visit them on the following day. He asked me if I would not like to accompany him, and I accepted the invitation. I was very much interested in the children, for I had heard much of their beauty and accomplishments, and I was not disappointed. They were both very handsome, and the little girl was a perfect beauty. She was about twelve years old, and was the most lovely child I ever saw. She was very much attached to her father, and he seemed to idolize her. He came here on the day following, and remained for a week. During that time I saw him frequently, and we became very intimate. He told me that he was a widower, and that he had been married very young, and that his wife died when his children were very young. He said that he had been very much attached to her, and that he had never seen a woman since her death that he could love. He said that he had been very much lonely since her death, and that he had often thought of marrying again, but that he could not find a woman that he could love. He said that he had been very much attracted to me from the first time he saw me, and that he had been very much pleased with my conversation and manners. He said that he had been very much lonely since his wife's death, and that he had often thought of marrying again, but that he could not find a woman that he could love. He said that he had been very much attracted to me from the first time he saw me, and that he had been very much pleased with my conversation and manners.

Miscellaneous.

TIME WILL SHOW.

BY J. R. DARNETTE.

Time will show
Who is true and who is false;
Time will show
Who is friend and who is foe;
If we've pure hearts,
Time will show us that;
If we've false ones,
Time will show us that.

Time will show
Who is true and who is false;
Time will show
Who is friend and who is foe;
Time will show
Who is true and who is false;
Time will show
Who is friend and who is foe.

Time will show
Who is true and who is false;
Time will show
Who is friend and who is foe;
Time will show
Who is true and who is false;
Time will show
Who is friend and who is foe.

THE WAY WITH SOME PEOPLE.

Boston Gazette.—I was employed a number of years ago by a gentleman of this city, who was in the habit of paying me my wages every week. I was in the habit of calling on him every week, and he was in the habit of paying me. He was a man who was very much engaged in business, and was very much occupied with his business affairs, so much so that he was in the habit of paying me every week, and I was in the habit of calling on him every week. He was a man who was very much engaged in business, and was very much occupied with his business affairs, so much so that he was in the habit of paying me every week, and I was in the habit of calling on him every week. He was a man who was very much engaged in business, and was very much occupied with his business affairs, so much so that he was in the habit of paying me every week, and I was in the habit of calling on him every week.

Miscellaneous.

SINGULAR FACTS

PRESENTED WITH THE GRACE OF BRIDE.

I have been informed that the following is a true story, and I have no reason to doubt it. I have been informed that the following is a true story, and I have no reason to doubt it. I have been informed that the following is a true story, and I have no reason to doubt it. I have been informed that the following is a true story, and I have no reason to doubt it.

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Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

Orchard Thieves.—A correspondent tells us that he is sure to be the garden of a Mr. Green, there is within a block or two of the Government House, and that he has a fine variety of fruit trees, and the other half only in bud. Every year, he says, such also takes place. This is the truth. He says that the year will yield an abundant crop of corn fruit. The idea that the Orchard Thieves are not well disposed, and yield a good crop of corn, we cannot credit, as we have seen the tree full of fruit. Remember it is a great pleasure.

Cattle Disease.—Cattle in Kansas is reported by lying a small piece of tobacco as they can be induced to eat it. Cattle are also subject to disease, but somebody who has had experience with them says that they will not have any trouble if they will only feed them with tobacco. Cattle are also subject to disease, but somebody who has had experience with them says that they will not have any trouble if they will only feed them with tobacco.

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Miscellaneous.

LECTURES ON INDIA.

BY

WALES WRIGHT.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS.

NUMBER IV.

Miscellaneous.

REGULAR TOWN.

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